Rich. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre;
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The revenew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affaires in hand: if they come ſhort.
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn a Gaunt* is very ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſite him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely-houſe.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians mind,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The linning of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſte, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his unſtayd youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony;

Where

Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Then they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends mark'd, then their lives before,
The ſetting Sunne, and muſicke is the cloſe.
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt:
Though *Richard* my lives counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet un-deafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As prayſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Lacivious Meeters, to whoſe venome ſound
The open eares of youth doth alwaies liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzz'd into their eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will choſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring doe foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues;
Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choake the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiat cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes upon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this Sceptred Iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradiſe,
This Fortres built by nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre: